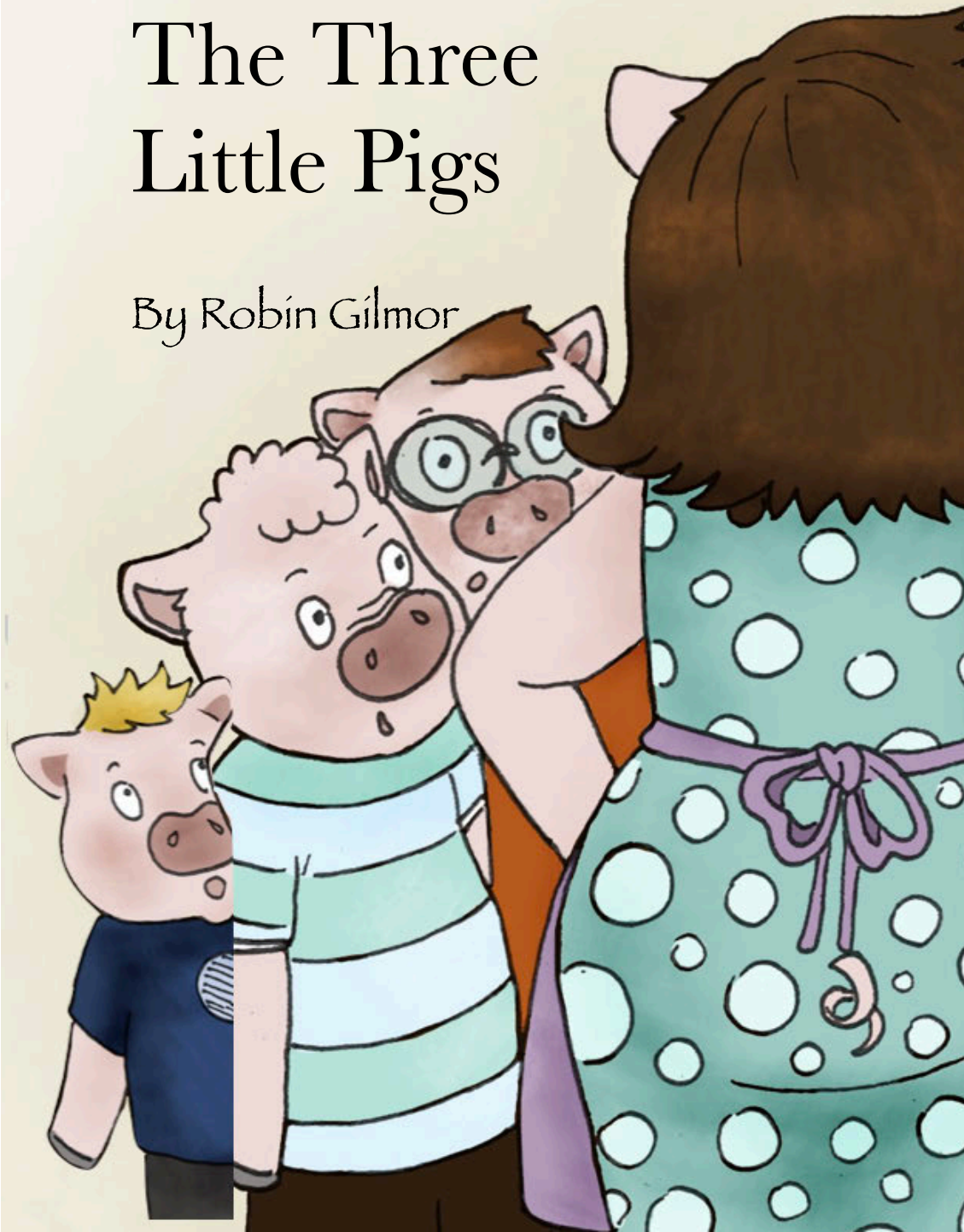
The Three Little Pigs

By Robin Gilmor



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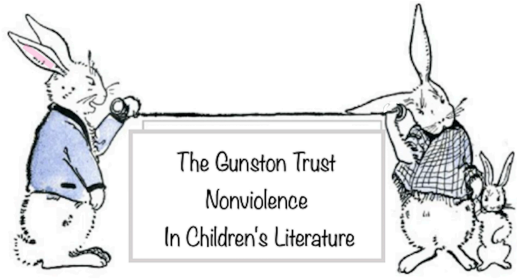
The Three Little Pigs

By Robin Gilmor

Illustrated By Eugenia Meli



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PO Box 5905
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The Three Little Pigs

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One day a big sow told her three little pigs,

"Our large cabinet for food is quite empty and lean.

It's time that you go and make your own home.

There's a lot in this world that you've never seen."

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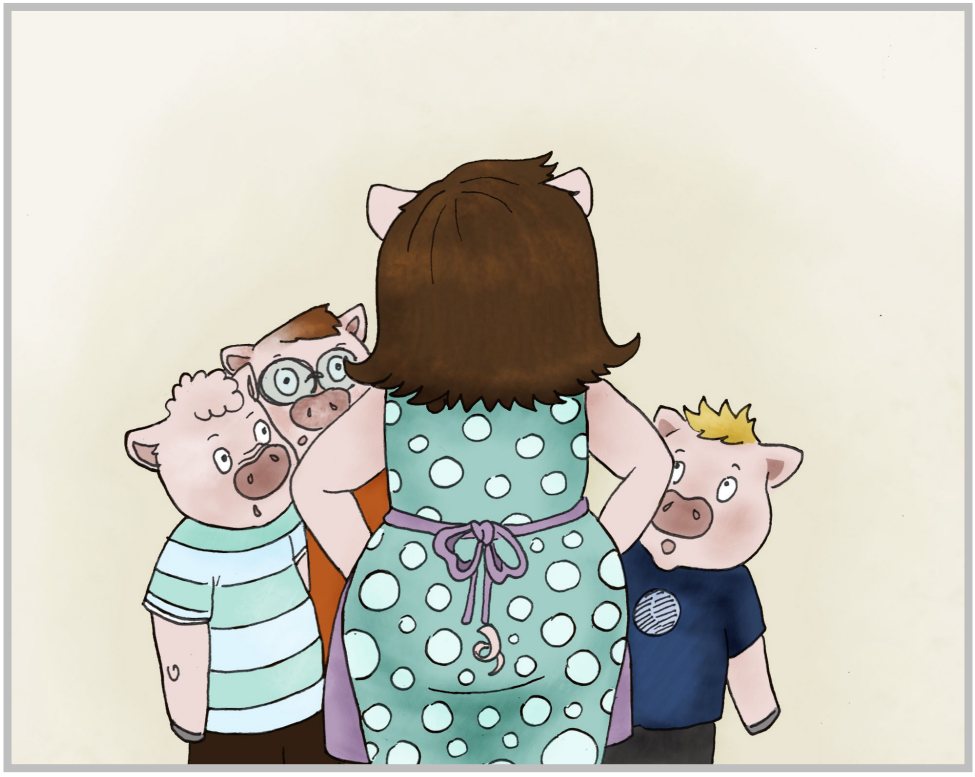

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The pigs packed their bags and kissed Mother goodbye.

With tears in her eyes, Mother waved from the door,

As they set off to see this marvelous world.

With adventure ahead, who could ever want more.

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This first little pig met a man on the road,

Who carried a bundle of hay on his back.

Said the first little pig to the man with the hay,

"Please Sir, would you give me some hay for my shack?"

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The Three Little Pigs

The man gave him some hay and he built a nice shack,

With one window in front and a big wooden door.

So the first little pig still danced his fine jig. . .

As he yelled to the world, "Who could ever want more?

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The second of three little pigs walked along,

When he chanced upon a large wagon of sticks.

Said pig number two to the old man who was driving,

"Please give me some sticks for a home I will fix."

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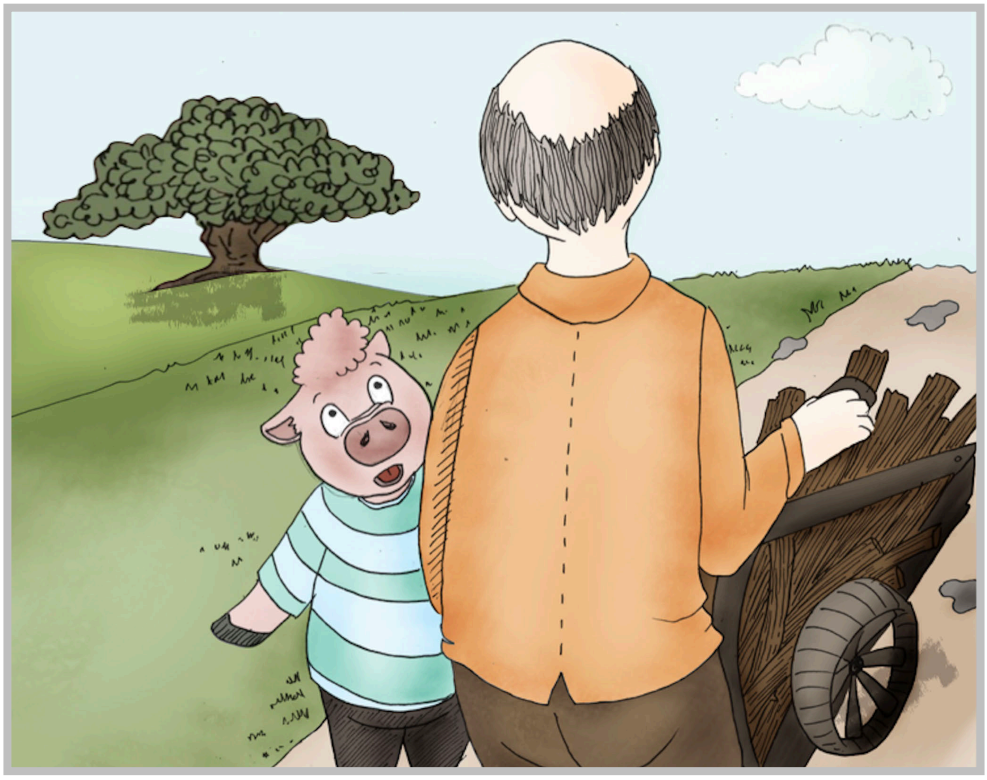

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So the second little pig build a house made of sticks.

It seemed cozy and warm, with a large wooden door.

Then he danced and he played feeling safe and so snug,

And in case of a storm, "Who could ever want more?"

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But the third little pig, gave his home great thought.

"It must be real strong against beast, rain, or sleet,

I want to be comfy with a big warm fire,

And a house that's a home and safe while I sleep."

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So the third little pig walked along for a mile,

When a man selling bricks he happened to see.

He said, "What will you take for all your fine bricks?

I could build a brick house by that big oak tree."

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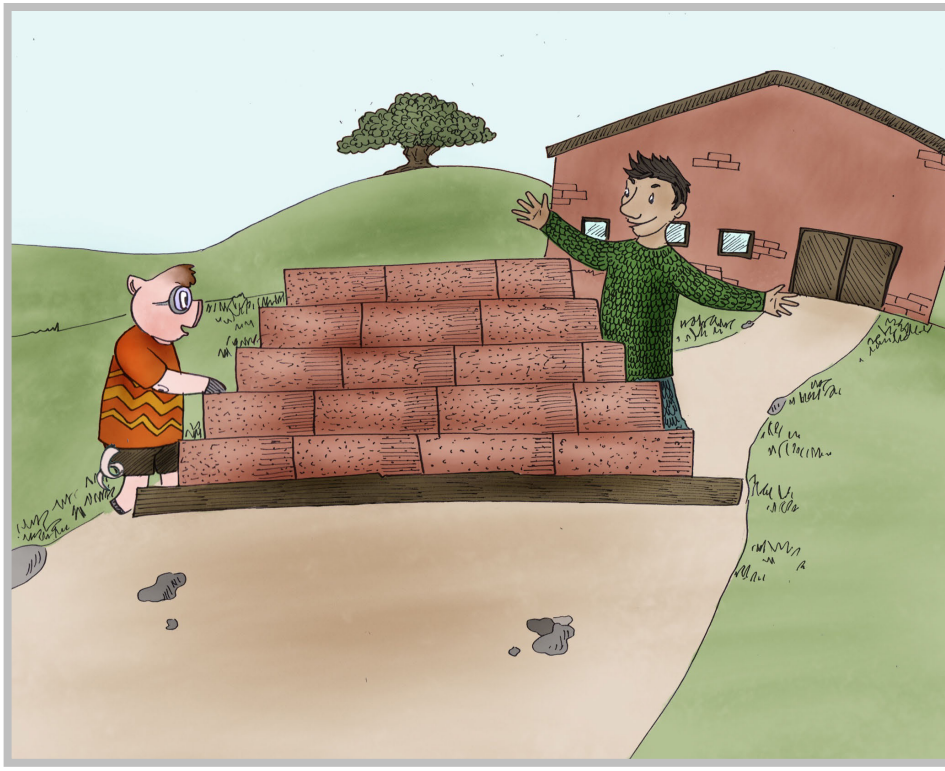

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So the third little pig built a house with a chimney,

A fire to cook and strong walls and a door.

The three little pigs were content and so happy,

So who, in this would, could ever want more?

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The Three Little Pigs

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When the Big Bad Wolf saw the first little Pig

He was dancing and singing in his house made of straw.

Said the Wolf to himself, "That's my dinner tonight."

With thoughts of his dinner, he knocked on the door.

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KNOCK-KNOCK, KNOCK-KNOCK, KNOCK-KNOCK.

"Oh little pig, little pig, please let me in!" "NO," yelled the pig,

"Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin!"

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff 'til I blow your house in!"

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The Three Little Pigs

And with one big breath the wolf, huffed and he puffed.

He blew and he blew 'til he blew the house down!

The straw started flying, it flew all around,

Then the little pig squealed and was blown to the ground.

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The Three Little Pigs

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In all the excitement the little pig ran.

He ran to his brother's and locked the front door.

"You're safe," said his brother, "In my house made of sticks."

When there came a loud knock, a knock on the door!

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KNOCK-KNOCK, KNOCK-KNOCK, KNOCK-KNOCK!

"Oh little pigs, little pigs, please let me in!"

"NO," yelled the two little pigs!

"Not by the hair of our chinny chin-chins!"

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff, 'til I blow your house in!"

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And so once again the wolf, huffed and he puffed,

And with only one blast he blew the house down.

The sticks started flying, they flew all around!

The pigs were amazed, as they fell to the ground!

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So together they ran just as fast as they could.

They ran and they ran to their third brother's home.

"You two will be safe inside by my fire."

When they suddenly heard a very loud groan!

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KNOCK-KNOCK, KNOCK-KNOCK, KNOCK-KNOCK.

"Oh little pigs, little pigs, please let me in!"

"NO!" Yelled the three little pigs from inside,

"Not by the hair of our chinny chin-chins!"

"Then I'll huff," said the Big Bad Wolf,

"And I'll puff, 'til I blow your house in!"

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The Three Little Pigs

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And the big bad wolf huffed and he puffed,

And he puffed and he huffed, but nothing fell down.

He thought for a while for he must find a way,

If he wanted to have a pig dinner today!

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The Three Little Pigs

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The pigs boiled up some soup in a very hot pot,

While the wolf climbed on the roof filled with rage and desire,

But he fell down the chimney into bubbles of steam.

He screamed and he yelled as he jumped from the fire!

Ouch!
Ouch!

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"Ouch, ouch," yelled the wolf, as he jumped from the pot.

He opened the door and he ran far away.

Now he's never returned as this storybook says.

No, he never returned. . . to this very day!

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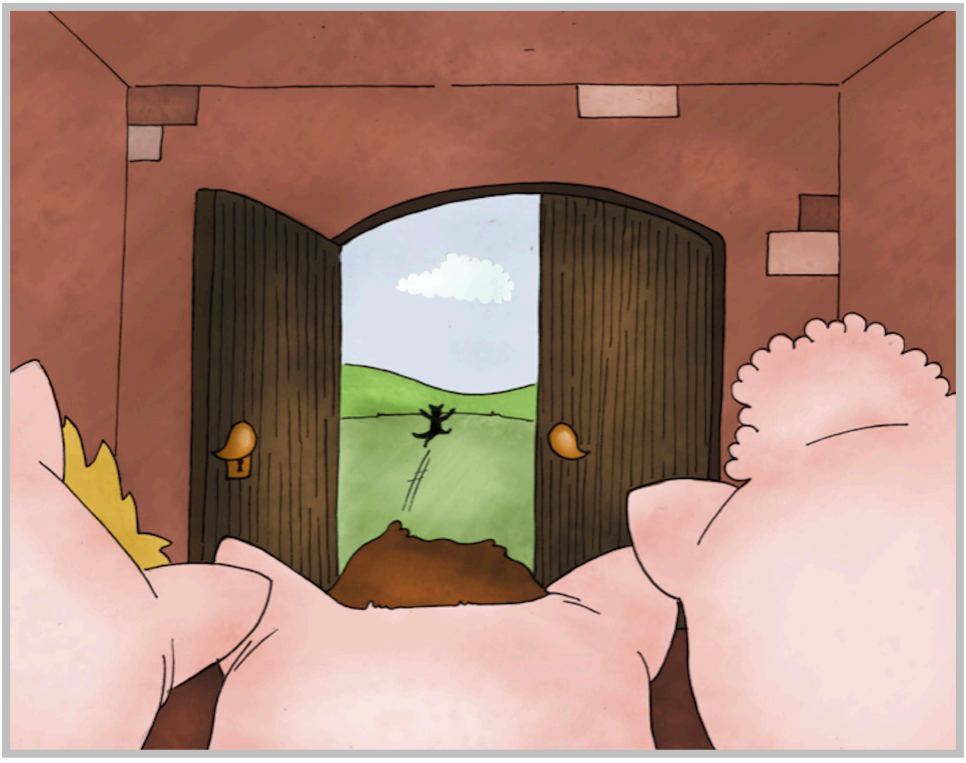

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And oh yes, the two little pigs learned a lesson. . .

They built their new houses with strong bricks and strong doors.

They have food on the stove while they sit by their fires,

Feeling safe and secure,

"Who could ever want more?"

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The End

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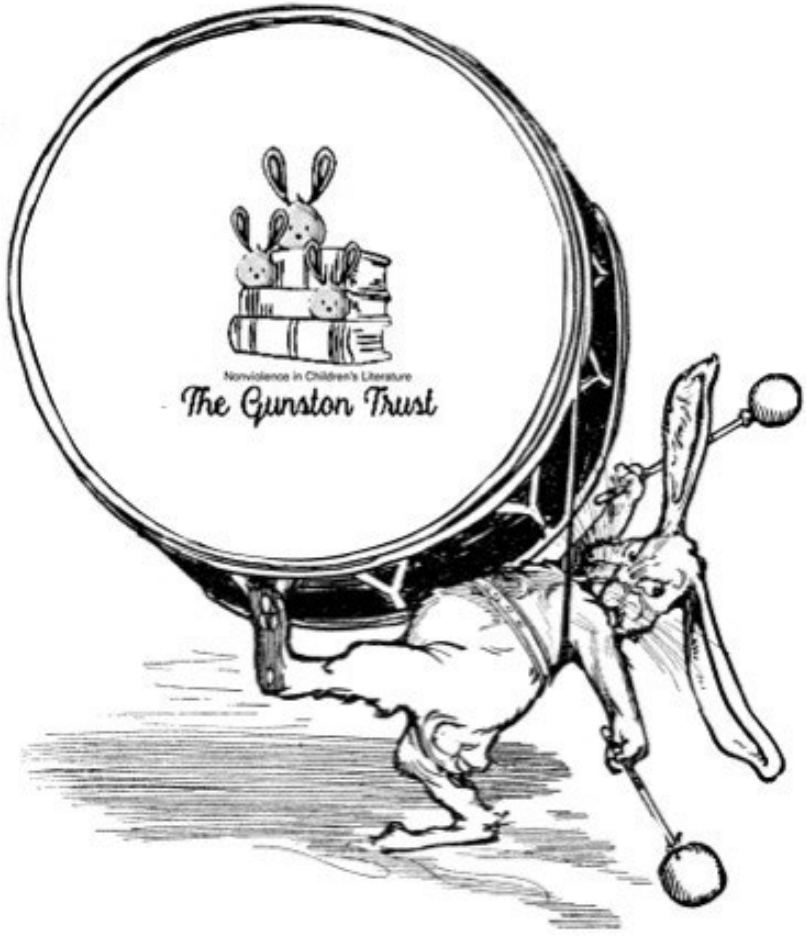

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